

NT 1218

# Verses

By

Violet Ursula Fraser

Winnipeg

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## **CRADLE SONG**

**(in Northern Messenger, Sept. 1918)**

The robins still rock in their cradle  
High up in the apple tree,  
So hush you, my Baby,  
And slumber  
While I rock this cradle for thee

The butterflies flutter around you,  
Fanning you with their soft wings,  
And the breeze is at play  
Where the green branches sway,  
And the little nest cradle swings

The drowsy bee hums in the clover,  
Gathering honey for you,  
And the tall lilies sway  
Near the tea roses gay,  
And the fair forget-me-nots blue

A sunbeam's at play round your cradle,  
It dances there in the light,  
If you were awake,  
You would catch it,  
You want all things pretty and bright.

### THE PINE TREE

Only a pine tree dark  
    Against a summer sky,  
Music of passing winds  
    Plays in its 'branches high.

Only a pine tree dark  
    Against the flaming West,  
Twitter of drowsy birds  
    Rock'd in their little nest.

Only a pine tree dark  
    Against the midnight gloom,  
Calm and serene it stands  
    Beneath the silver moon.

Okanagan, B.C., Sept. 1924.

## THE CHALLENGE

(Written for the Prohibition Campaign,  
Winnipeg, 1923.)

Hark, a challenge! Parents, listen!  
It is sounded forth today  
For the welfare of your children,  
Do not thoughtless turn away

When for Right, and Truth, and Justice,  
War was waged across the sea,  
It was for the home and children  
Of our Country, brave and free

We cannot forget the heroes  
Who so gladly gave their all,  
As they came from lands far distant  
At their Country's urgent call

Some lie 'neath the glowing poppies,  
Far in Flanders fields today,  
That the white, the blue, and crimson  
Of our flag might wave for aye

Wave o'er homes where little children  
Would be safe from fear and harm,  
Where, 'neath Liberty and Justice,  
All would be secure and calm.

Yet a mighty foe is standing,  
On the threshold of our land,  
That needs all our strength to conquer  
And our courage to withstand  
He has once more thrown his challenge,  
In the name of "Liberty,"  
Though his slaves are without number  
In all lands where liquor's free.  
As you pause, still undecided,  
What your vote today should be,  
Will you not once more remember  
Flanders fields across the sea  
Won't you breathe a prayer for guidance,  
Then, that all the world might know,  
You're for God, and Home, and Country,  
Go and mark your Ballot "NO"!

—(In "The North-End,"  
Winnipeg, May 1923.)

## **PRESIDENT HARDING**

### **A Tribute**

As deep-toned bells their sorrow toll  
A Nation's heart is bowed in grief,  
And silently the moments roll  
In tribute to a mighty chief.

The ship of State sails on its way  
But on the helm new hands are laid,  
No longer will he guide its course  
Who faced the storm-clouds unafraid.

For as the shadows turned to night  
From that far shore he heard a call,  
And passed beyond the harbour lights  
Into the last great port of all.

California, 1923.



## **GALILEE**

Matt. 4: 21, 22; Mark 1: 17, 18

Boats upon a silver sea,  
Fishermen of Galilee,  
Mending nets upon the shore  
As they did in days of yore,  
Where His feet once trod the waves,  
Friend of Fishers, Christ who Saves.

And His call rings through the years  
When the dawn's first glow appears,  
While the quiet waters hold  
Roseate tints among the gold;  
"Follow Me," it seems to say,  
Rise and follow come away.

As of old their hearts were stirred  
When the Saviour's voice they heard,  
As they rose and leaving all  
Answered gladly to His call;  
So today men hear it still,  
Rise to do the Master's will.

## UNDER APRIL SKIES

Northward birds are winging  
Through the shining hours,  
While the Spring wind's singing  
Wakes the drowsy flowers

April's flute-notes call them.  
Silently they creep,  
Leaf and bud and blossom  
From their winter sleep

Skies bend softly o'er them,  
Winds caressing pass,  
Like a fairy carpet  
Spreads the meadow grass.

From the leafy woodland  
Sounds the blue-bird's call  
April's magic lingers  
Spell-like over all.

Showers and sunbeams woven  
Where the rainbows play,  
Over dewy flowers  
Harbingers of May

Manitoba, 1926.

# Winnipeg the Beautiful

## HONORABLE MENTION

Queen of the Western Prairies,  
Whose snowy mantle holds  
The icebound river sleeping  
Within its crystal folds.

A magic spell is woven  
O'er all her charm and grace;  
The trees enchanted standing  
In robes of frosted lace.

Through veils of mist in splendor  
Her jewelled sceptre gleams,  
While on her brow the Northern Star  
Her diadem still beams.

Queen of the Western Prairies,  
Who holds her court today,  
The Frost King and his Courtiers  
Their homage to her pay.

—VIOLET FRASER.

